

eight minutes stretch lets Lee, Thurston and Kim from Sonic Youth - obvious Velvets heirs - imagine they were the Velvets. The rerun through "Pale Blue Eyes" is dewy-eyed, again distinguished by Reed's uncannily Frippertronic guitar; "Bo Diddley" is a five minute lock groove; "Goodnight Irene" - a jukebox or radio favourite from Anytown - a missing, crushed Velvet 3rd album song a la "After Hours" and "Andy", Mo's harmonious Warhol lament coloured by a simple, repeated, "I lost an old friend today". For rock archivists, Tucker's return is like an older sister and family coming home after emigrating. The European tour will only increase all the attention. A chance to experience a part of The Velvets we never had? Go along and see. **MA**

#### **VARIOUS**

##### **North Atlantic Noise Attack (Manic Ears ACHE017) LP/CD**

Manic Ears give us a very varied compilation that spans the whole spectrum of UK hardcore at the moment (as well as a bonus 12" of North American bands). You get bands like Intense Degree, Dr & The Crippins, Extreme Noise Terror, Heresy, Napalm Death and Concrete Sox, who are all very popular at the moment and are considered by some to be the voice of UK hardcore at the moment. Then you get what I consider to be more of the real sound of the UK - strong and powerful tracks by Ripcord, Visions Of Change and Civilised Society?, as well as the relatively new Jailcell Recipes who I think put in the real stick-in-your-head standout tracks. A little something for everyone on this LP - plus the excellent bonus 12" with all North American bands - Septic Death, Transgression, Adversity, Fear Itself, No Fraud and Desecration. All packaged up in a great spoof cover, this is definitely worth grabbing. **KJ**

#### **HEIDI BERRY**

##### **Below The Waves (CREATION CRELP 048)LP/CD**

I hope Heidi Berry, unheralded co-star of Creation's 'Kids' comp, won't be offended to read about obvious Other Voices in the first sentence, but in naming the late, great haunts of Sandy Denny, the ground "Below The Waves" chooses to occupy might be hallowed but Berry doesn't suffer by the comparison.

Maybe the word 'Witchseason' is broader, as in Joe Boyd's late-sixties alliance with the first full flowering of British folk, and especially Nick Drake's aching, still waters. "Below The Waves" is equally and unnervingly calm; Berry's unforced, unstretching quaver is still as vulnerable as more possessed, diva voices, but this collection of ballads, marked out by acoustic guitars, violins and pianos, is almost disengaged, in retreat, hardly showing a ripple or tear (as in 'rip', but...). Such a well of melancholy never overflowing into doleful misery, and don't you believe that's an easy achievement. One potential industry snag is that Berry should be fearsome competition, but since most of the late-eighties rising and risen women singers are 'characters' of sorts, her reticence - at least as you hear her - might be a problem. But the roots scene must surely take to her openheartedly. **MA**

#### **TORANAGA**

##### **Bastard Ballads (Peaceville VILE005) LP/CD**

Well, I reviewed this a few months back and Toranaga seem to be the darlings of the Metal world now. So - nothing new to say from the old review except this is now re-released in a spiffing "sinister black sleeve" OR in CD format! As with Manic Ears' compilation, CD fever hits the punk labels! Crazy. **KJ**

#### **THE PIXIES**

##### **Doolittle (4AD CAD/C/905/CD) LP/MC/CD**

Once you're fist-deep into "Doolittle", you won't miss Steve Albini's bag o'spanners production touch on "Surfer Rosa", nor maintain that Gill Norton's cleaning up of their rhythm section is off the mark, as it's more than balanced by his concentrated campaign to sharpen those serrated, pointy Pixie parts, leaving a newly unleaded, but pure performance bone machine. If "Surfer Rosa" had one gigantic forward punch, "Doolittle" is a contortion of gleaming hooks. The Pixies are garageland in excelsius, with knobs on, and have no equals.

All their trickeries are present and correct; the scouring guitars pounding down yet another of Black Francis' adhesive, angst-beaten, blue-black gut-pop Beantown melodies, Kim Deal's backing wail,